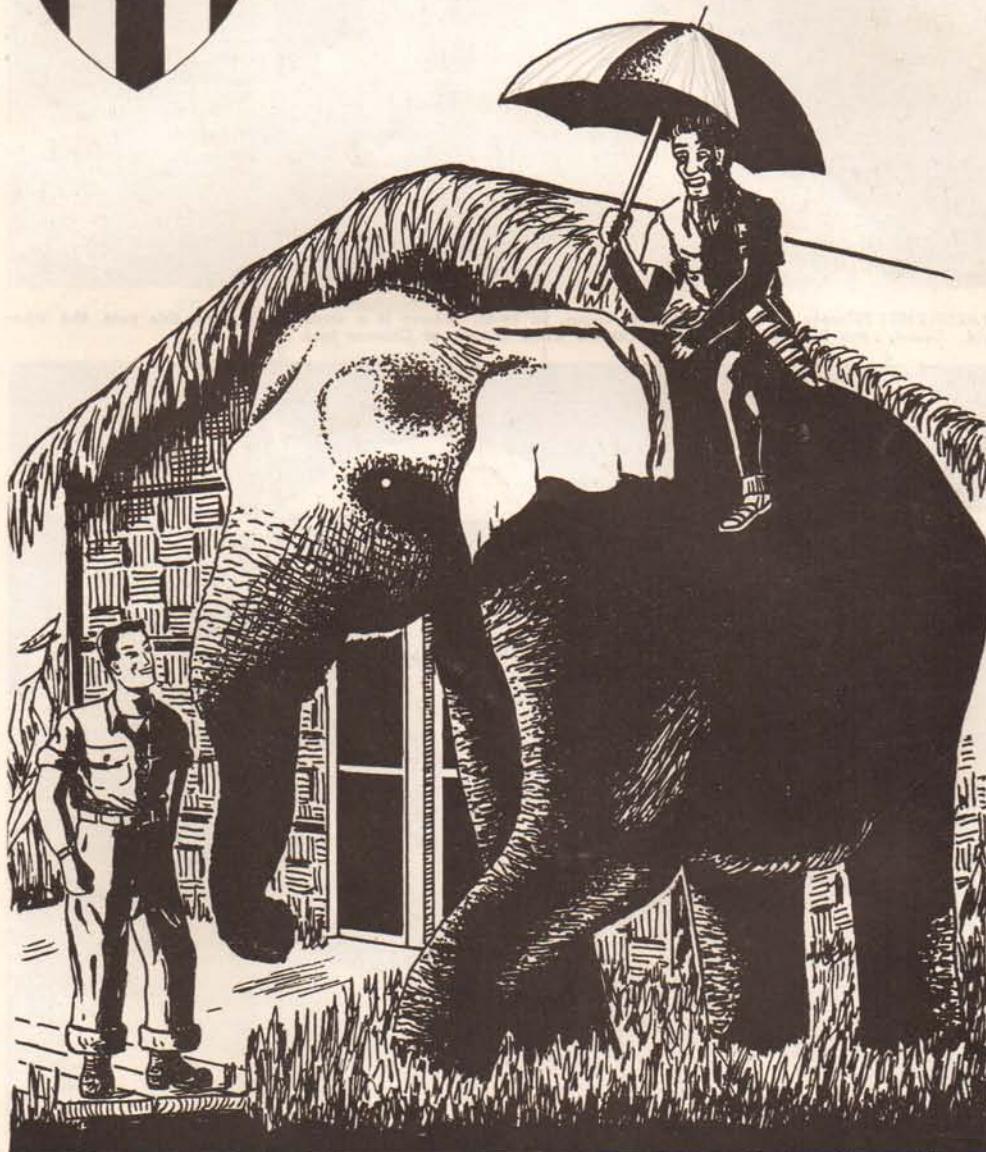


Ex-CBI Roundup

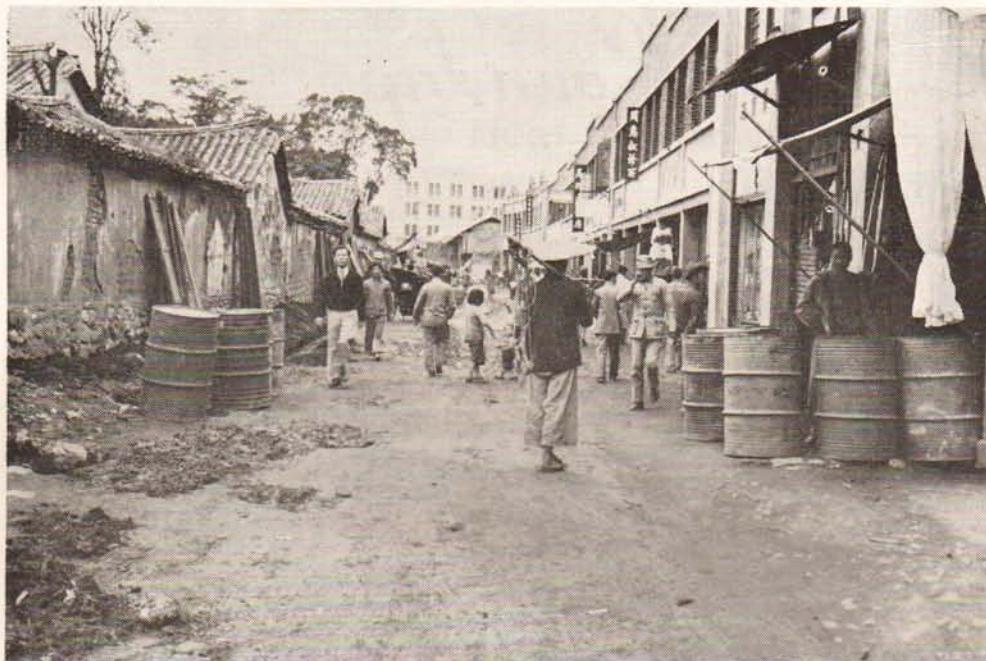
CHINA-BURMA-INDIA



FEBRUARY
1954



HOWARD SCOTT



THESE PHOTOS were taken in Kunming, China, in 1945. Above is a street scene, one side new, the other old. Below, John P. Monion poses in rickshaw while dozens of Chinese look on.



EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA

Vol. 8, No. 2

February, 1954

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly at 2402 Curtis St., Denver, Colo., by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Clarence R. Gordon Managing Editor

CONTRIBUTING STAFF

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Howard D. Scott, Jr. Staff Artist
Boyd Sinclair Book Review Editor

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Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 1769

Denver 1, Colo.

Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● Our Book Review Section has expanded to two pages in this issue. Boyd Sinclair is doing a bang-up job of reviewing the many books on CBI which are being sent his way. They are coming so fast, tho, that in order to cover the best publications we feel the feature should be expanded to two pages whenever we have the reviews to fill them. We'd like to have your reaction on the new Book Review Section. Drop us a line and tell us what you think of it, and, while you're at it, tell us what you like and don't like in Roundup. This will help us to give you more of what you want.

● Anyone who was with the Military Railway Service in CBI who would like a free sample copy of a new pictorial newspaper for MRS men, write The MRS Journal, P.O. Box 1769, Denver 1, Colo. Mention your outfit when writing.

● Response to our plea for suggestions that would help increase Roundup's circulation was overwhelming! Perhaps from some of the good ideas submitted we'll be able to locate a few more of the 245,000 who served in CBI. Thanks to all the good readers who took the time to give us the benefit of a few more heads. One of the most frequent suggestions is that each reader take upon himself the task of acquainting at least one CBI-er with the magazine each month. If everyone would and could do this, we'd have 50,000 subscribers by the end of this year!



Educated Naga

● The story on "Perry Manhunt" mentions a midget Naga I brought to Mohanbari who knew the capitol of the U. S. was Jasper,



Ala. I am enclosing a picture of "Majar" that may be of interest.

LECIL GRAY,
Jasper, Ala.

Need Fulfilled

● As the years go along it is a real treat to meet again and visit with our comrades in arms of China, Burma and India. I have already made plans to attend the 7th Annual Reunion in Washington and I know of many more who will be there. I want to congratulate Roundup for the splendid job it is doing for the gang. You have certainly fulfilled a need which we all appreciate. More power to you and let us know what we can do to help.

LEWIS A. PICK,
Lt. Gen., USA (Ret.)
Olympia, Wash.

CBI Shoulder Patches

● A few issues ago one of Roundup's readers in Montana asked where he could get some CBI shoulder patches. They are available from United Surplus Stores, 203 E. Broad, Richmond, Va.

HARRY A. PIZZINI,
Richmond, Va.

Daily Roundup???

● Roundup was good to start off with, and at the rate it is improving and coming out more often, I just wonder if it is going to be a big daily by the time some of us reach the rocking - chair - on - the-porch stage? Is it planned to grow still bigger as our hair gets still thinner and we slow down to find more reading time?

JOHN RANDOLPH,
Tomball, Texas

Monthly is as often as you'll receive Roundup. Addition of a few thousand more subscribers may result in more pages each issue.

—Ed

7th Bomb Group

● Many of the Chinese Air Force personnel here on Formosa recognize familiar scenes from back on the mainland when they look through my copies of EX-CBI Roundup. Of course I can't tell them much about China, but as any member of the 7th Bomb Group will testify, there are many interesting tales to be told of the years in India.

T/Sgt. D. McLAUGHLIN,
APO, San Francisco



BEAUTIFUL CEMETERY at Margherita, India, where dead from the 20th General Hospital were interred. Convicted murderer Herman Perry is said to be buried here. Photo by Bob May.

Urges Reunion Attendance 1573rd Ordnance

● In my annual Christmas letter to former members of the 498th Air Service Squadron, I have urged all who can to make plans to attend the CBI Reunion in Washington next August.

STUART SCOTT, Jr.,
New York, N. Y.

236th Combat Engineers

● A correction on paragraph concerning the 209th Engineers on page 10 of January issue . . . the 236th Engineer Construction Bn. should read 236th Engineer Combat Bn.

J. STEFKA,
New York, N. Y.

1573rd Ordnance

● Your "Basha Breeze" is better than ever. Was with the "Orphans," 1573rd Ordnance of the 44th Air Service Group at Sookerating.

LeROY ENGEL,
Brainerd, Minn.

Delay in Burma

● Just finished reading the article, "Delay in Burma, Disaster in China", (Dec. & Jan. issues) and enjoyed it very much altho parts of the article seemed to differ with what I, and no doubt others, seemed to think and know about. It states, for instance, that on May 17th Stilwell failed to take the town of Myitkyina. I was under the impression that the Marauders had taken the city and the city fell again into enemy hands due to the fact that the Chinese let the Japs take over. I was a member of the 236th Combat Engineers, Co. A, and we were flown up on May 28, 1944.

WALTER W. CLEMMER,
Quakertown, Pa.

95th Field Hospital

● The latest 95th Field Hospital newsletter may be obtained by writing the undersigned. The newsletter is free and contains recent addresses and news of members of the 95th.

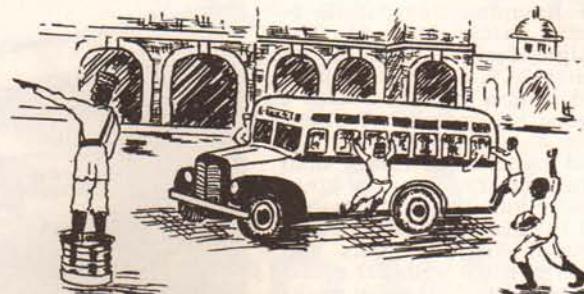
HOMER C. COOPER,
1024 Hill St.,
Ann Arbor, Mich.



SACRED COWS and citizens mingle on this street corner in Karachi. Photo by Albert Wiener.

CALCUTTA BUS RIDE

Reprinted from a recent issue of
the Calcutta Statesman



THE TELEPHONE rings twice, calling you out. A taxi ride to your destination will cost Rs. 2-4, but it is just six pice by bus. You choose the bus, but pretty soon you are wishing you had taken that taxi.

Bus services in traffic-laden Calcutta operate on the principle that there is always room for one more, no matter how crowded the vehicle. Consequently, while passengers do not have to be acrobats, a slight acquaintance with a circus-like act helps. Only the natural-born contortionist has no difficulty in finding room on buses here.

There is little doubt that Hercules, the father of muscle men, would have been required to undertake a ride in a Calcutta bus as one of his labors had he lived in modern times. As a trial of strength, a test in endurance and an ex-unique.

The approving look a visitor to Calcutta might give to crowds queuing at cinemas, in postoffices and possibly the ration shops would change to utter horror at the sight of passengers boarding a bus — or trying to.

When a bus pulls up at a stop, the waiting ones hurl themselves forward with the unrestrained enthusiasm of passengers aboard a sinking ship for the last lifeboat. Primeval passions burst forth in the rush for space before the bus moves off.

This reversion to jungle law has its complications. Since those on the outside are determined to get in before those on the inside can get out, a passenger often times is wafted onto quite an unintended destination.

The intervening journey is covered amid bitter acrimony between the passenger and the conductor. Each appeals to others in the vehicle for sympathy and support — and often finds it.

The legend "Standing Room Only" assumes a shadowy ambiguity when ap-

plied to a bus in Calcutta. Elsewhere it would mean there is room inside the vehicle where passengers unable to find seats may strap-hang. But here it represents any protusion offering a toehold on the outside also.

Between five and six in the evening, when the toiler locks away the tools of his craft and sets out for the tropical equivalent of a cheery fireside, Calcutta buses, festooned with human shapes on their bodywork, take on the appearance of a laden Christmas tree. Perhaps the only man then who misses the bus is the one whose fingernails were clipped too closely that morning.

This, too, is that period of travel when none seems to alight, but all want to embark. After the first mile space is at a premium, even breathing space. But this does not deter the management on board from watching keenly for more customers. Hurried brakes halt the vehicle at the first waiting group. Here he who hesitates is lost on the road to Kidderpore, when for him home lies in Ballygunge.

At the end of the long, long trail many a passenger, with feelings akin to a liberated sardine, staggers into the free, cool air and asks himself that question about the journey so freely posed in wartime. Only he gives it a new twist:

"Worthwhile" is the word he substitutes for "necessary." —THE END

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Flew the Rockpile

• Roundup never fails to bring back that old nostalgic feeling when I receive it. I never thought I'd miss a country which I hated so cordially. Perhaps it's a nostalgic feeling for old associations rather than the country. I never stopped to analyze it. Stationed at the old 1330th AAFBU at Jorhat for two years and was credited with 109 round trips over that lousy rockpile into China. Am still active in flying; have a couple of planes myself and am Commanding Officer of Squadron 105, Civil Air Patrol. It's CAP's 12th Anniversary. Would like to hear from old buddies.

CARROLL S. BECHTEL,
1523 N. Sydenham,
Phila. 21, Pa.



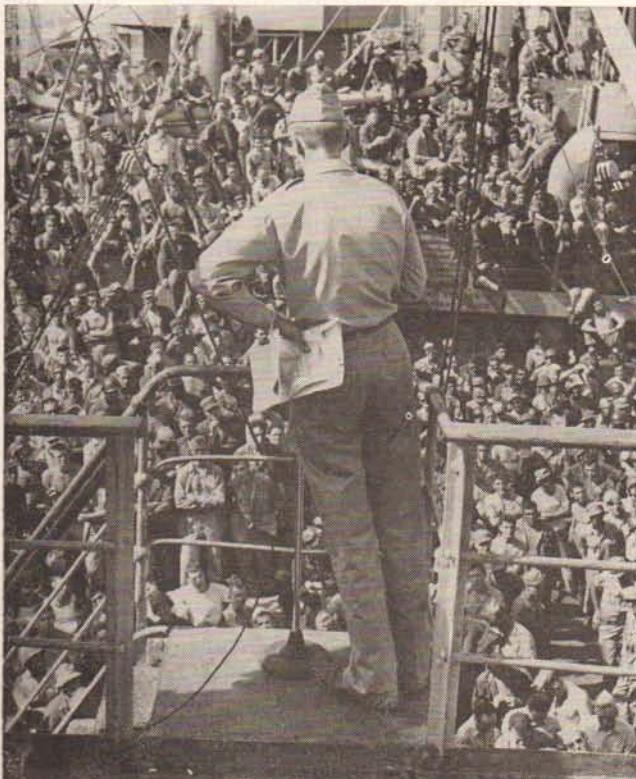
THIS INGENIOUS little train ran from the operations office to the flight line at Myitkyina, Burma. Photo by Harold E. Markins.

25th Medical Depot Co.

• Through the generosity of a friend who loaned me his library of back issues, I only recently learned of the existence of this most interesting publication. I

failed to note any mention of the 25th Medical Depot Co., of which I was a member. Served as Medical Property officer of the general depots at both Ledo and Chabua during 1944 and 1945. I'm happy to become a member.

CHESTER E. RICKETTS,
Ft. Wayne, Ind.



NOW, THIS SCENE should look familiar. Lt. Malcolm R. McBride, Port Intelligence Officer, is talking to the troops aboard ship. He boards each incoming troopship as it docked and tells the GI what to do and not to do while ashore in India. U.S. Army photo April 28, 1944.

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The Roundup

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EX-CBI ROUNDUP

THE ATOM AND MISTER WU

HOWARD Scott

By GEORGE B. RUSSELL

(Copyright 1954)

MY FRIEND, Wu Jen-tsing, was something of a character. A long-gowned scholar, educated entirely in his homeland, he reveled in antiquities, especially those of a literary or pseudo-scientific nature. Surprising indeed was Mister Wu's interest in things like solar energy and atomic power. Equally amazing was the air of amused detachment with which he viewed the scene about him. Born in the western world Mister Wu, undoubtedly, would have emerged a professor of history or philosophy. Again, a fellow of his diverse interests might well have turned out to be an inventor or a writer of science-fiction.

I met Mister Wu in Kunming and have no idea, at this date, where he is. He could be hiding out in the Lo-lo country — running a secondhand bookshop in Hong Kong — or with his honorable ancestors. In any event, this will give you some insight into a rare personality who enlivened the Kunming scene for some of us through the early months of 1945.

One day, while chatting over a spring-roll and tea, Mister Wu brought up the subject of an allied invasion of the Canton coast, deeming it quite feasible and long overdue. G-2 was considering this very topic at the moment, so I shrugged it off. Discreetly, Wu dropped the subject and commenced talking about military tactics in general. There was little in modern warfare, he contended, that hadn't been tried out with varying success centuries ago.

For example, way back in the tenth century B.C., related Mister Wu, there lived an undistinguished son of Han named Chow. One day this mortal was befriended by an *immortal* who handed

him a gift . . . two ripe out-of-season peaches.

A minor miracle to be sure — but, no sooner had Chow eaten the fruit than he felt wings sprouting out from under his arms. Also, his reasonably handsome features slithered into an enormous horned beak of eagle-like ferocity. To Chow's amazement he could manage this metamorphosis at will. Naturally, he could fly — and how.

Giggling somewhat cynically over his experiment, the genii then gave his earthling a quick cram-course in military tactics; showed him how to decimate whole battalions with a nine-spoked flail-like bludgeon; how to manage the side-slip, barrel-roll and power-dive and the art of navigating the air-currents. Chow was also handed an extremely useful long-range weapon, the ability to rain down small explosive-pebbles that actually were the *essence of mountains* — disintegrated matter, if you please. And his supply of these pebbles was inexhaustible.

You and I would consider our boy well equipped for war indeed — but, with a flash of inspiration, his mentor tossed in an additional device, the power to exhale *poison gas* from mouth and nostril.

Oh yes, I might mention that Chow could also find his target even though it nestled beneath a convenient cloudbank — *radar*, no doubt.

Humble youth though he was, Chow felt considerable pride in his newly acquired powers. He was impressed. And so were the lords of the province to whom he applied for employment. He was commissioned on the spot, as *an entire air force*, naturally.

Well sir, continued Mister Wu, up to the walls of Chow's city came an opposing army. It too boasted a freak warrior who could fly. How this chap earned his wings is, I regret to say, not related in the

classics. Evidently some ancient story-teller neglected to add biographical data.

In any event, there was a terrific dog-fight high up in the wild blue yonder. The invader had speed, good rate of climb, maneuverability and plenty of moxie. But he lacked our hero's extra facility, the *gas attack*.

Imagine his surprise therefore, when Chow let loose at 10,000 meters with a whiff of blue-green mix that smelled of new-mown kaoliang — *phosgene* probably. There was a brief coughing interlude like the sound of a conked-out motor. And the enemy did a wingover and plunged earthward in a screaming dive.

Gliding at once to his genii's mountain hideout, Chow insisted on explaining the whole aerial engagement, tilting his palms this way and that to picture the action. The immortal one cackled happily and filled Chow's ricebowl with colored beans. "These are not to be eaten," he cautioned; "leastwise, not by you. But it might be fun," he suggested, "to drop these pellets on the heads of your late rival's followers."

This was done — and you can guess the result. To a man they were dead of small-pox within ten days. The first recording in all history of *bacteriological warfare*. "You'll agree, I'm sure, that there's little in science we Chinese haven't anticipated," asserted Mister Wu.

"It's this matter of *new* sources of energy that intrigues me," continued Wu. "We have learned all the *slower* methods. The sun-provided carbons we put into our stoves in winter to recapture the sun's heat. The other carbon-compounds (grass and grain) which can be fed to camel, ox or horse to provide mobility. Still other carbon-compounds (coal and gasoline) go into your engines to provide energy. We have come along fantastically. There's even talk of harnessing the rays of the sun. But the *power of the atom* could give us undreamed of quantities of energy."

Mister Wu leaned over to his stock of black market American cigarettes and neatly excised a pack of Camels with an old Gem razorblade. I presume the carton had refill value. We lit up and he poured another cup of tea.

"Yes, the Atomic age will be something to witness," he reiterated. "Of course the danger may arise that man will then start fighting for whatever materials are best suited for disintegration, just as they fight now for oil or a place in the sun."

Reaching into a cabinet, Mister Wu drew forth a tan-covered magazine. "Let me show you this article which the Nazis published recently in their Shanghai magazine. It came out last June." [We let Mister Wu's illegal traffic with the coast

pass. After all didn't he get us a box of Japanese ping-pong balls?"]

I skimmed through the piece, written by a Swiss scientist, on the subject of new sources of energy — too scientific for the average magazine reader. But you'll agree, from the excerpts below, that no such topic, for obvious reasons, would have been allowed in any U. S. magazine in 1944.*

"Can Uranium bombs win the war?"

"In natural, as well as in artificial disintegration, energies are released which are millions of times greater than those released in our combustion and explosive processes. Thus the element *radium* disintegrates in 1,590 years to half its original weight and produces 3.7 million kcal per gram which corresponds to 2.3 million times that weight in dynamite (2.3 tons).

Another radioactive element, *uranium*, which has the atomic weight of 238, disintegrates into helium and lead, but much more slowly—for it takes five billion years for half its original weight to disintegrate. During this natural disintegration, about 1,000th part of the uranium is destroyed, dematerialized and transformed into the vast energy of more than 20-million kcal (corresponding to 12.5 tons of dynamite) for every grams of uranium.

Owing to the infinitely slow speed of the natural disintegration, neither of these two radioactive elements has any explosive power. Nor has it been possible to influence the speed of natural disintegration by the employment of electricity of even the highest possible tension.

However, the rare uranium isotope with the atomic weight of 235 does yield to this treatment. And in experiments, approximately 1,000th part of the uranium mass was destroyed with a corresponding equivalent of energy released.

Were it possible to make one gram of U-235 vanish in the time of detonation, an explosive power equivalent to that of 10.6 tons of dynamite would be set off. In other words, instead of four 8,000 pound block-busters an airplane would have to release only one gram of catalyzed uranium to cause the same destruction on the ground target.

Such bombs seem far in the future. It is true that the uranium atom breaks up when bombarded with neu-

* XXth Century, Vol. VI, No. 6. pages 442 and 443. Published in Shanghai, June 1944.

trons — and that it releases one or two neutrons of its own. These fly off at terrific speed. And if these neutrons were "caught" by neighboring uranium atoms they would cause the same disintegration releasing other neutrons. And finally, we would see an irresistible avalanche-like chain-reaction that would explode the entire uranium mass with catastrophic force.

However, this chain-reaction does not set in because repeated experiments have shown that the borderline conditions for this avalanche process cannot *as yet* be achieved in practice.

The concentrations of energy still are, apparently, much too small in comparison with the vast forces holding an atom together. The powers of cohesion within one gram of *hydrogen*, for instance, have been calculated at 1,400-billion tons (the equivalent of a limestone cube 8.14 kilometers high) or the weight of a dozen mountains. For the splitting therefore, *detonating charges* are necessary which gigantically surpass our means.

All of which allows us to infer an order of the world which guards man, if not from his present terrestrial doings, at least from planetary folly."

Mister Wu looked at me quizzically as I finished reading. "Interesting, is it not," he inquired. I agreed, adding that the whole theory was a bit over my head. "Keep it," said the Kunming sage, "I have memorized the piece anyhow."

And keep the article I did, rereading it with curious amazement the morning after the Hiroshima story filtered through our radio speaker. The following evening I ran into Mister Wu. He seemed strangely disturbed.

U-235 and a hint of even greater things to come in the future could other elements, say hydrogen, be triggered. "Looks like we cut this fellow Hitler's water off just in time, doesn't it. Apparently his boys were on the same trail as our own scientists — or were headed for some short cut."

"It's possible," agreed Wu, "entirely possible. We're indeed fortunate that they didn't solve the problem. Again, they might have turned such a weapon against their original enemy. Have you considered that?" I hadn't.

"You know," concluded Mister Wu, "for years I have been speculating over this new source of energy and the blessings it might bring mankind. Now, I wonder."

—THE END

Delay in Burma

● Read both installments of "Delay in Burma, Disaster in China" in the December and January issues and found them very interesting and enlightening. It's surprising how you fellows can go through the war in CBI and know so little about what was actually going on.

CLAUDE DRAKE,
Toledo, Ohio

The Ledo Road

● What memories the picture on page 2 (Jan.) brought back to me. I drove a 6x6 truck over The Ledo Road several times and, believe me, the picture you show was by far not the worst section. I've always said that anyone who could drive a vehicle over that road and come out with nary a scratch on it is an experienced driver.

JOHN R. WILSON, Jr.,
Mpls., Minn.



AT MALIR CANTONMENT, Karachi, B-25 practices skip-bombing. U.S. Army photo.



TONGA WALLAHS lined up on Karachi street, waiting for GI fares. Photo by Bob May.

Due Compensation

● Was with the 1326th AAFBU, ATC at Lalmanirhat and would like to hear from any of the gang. I can remember the good and bad times we experienced. The sight of Kashmir, Dajjeeling and the Taj Mahal compensated for the heat, boredom and inconveniences that all of us went through.

HARRY LANGBURD,
Marblehead, Mass.

Four Xmas Holidays

● Was stationed at Margherita with the 20th General Hospital, where there were four Christmases a year — the natives' three and our one. I remember the monsoon weather and the mud very well.

COLVIN BRINSON,
Beaulaville, N. C.

Best Xmas Gift

● Ex-CBI Roundup is one of the best Christmas presents an Ex-CBI-er could get, so I'm giving mine to myself early this year. Please renew my subscription.

SAMUEL SHANNON
Burlingame, Calif.

FELIX A. RUSSELL

Patent Lawyer

MEMBER OF
General Stilwell Basha
Record of Invention Forms
FREE UPON REQUEST
507 Colorado Building
Washington, D.C.



HERE'S THAT famed corner of Chowringhee and Esplanade in Calcutta.
Photo by Harold E. Harkins.

Who's the Good Joe?

● Who is my unknown benefactor? I had never heard of Roundup until about three months ago and it's been arriving regularly ever since. I'd like to know who is responsible for my getting it as I'm really grateful. I certainly enjoy it.

W. G. GHORMLEY,
Arlington, Va.

95th Field Hospital

● Former members of the 95th Field Hospital might be interested to know that Orville Sanders, assistant supply clerk, has for the past three years won the Turkey Calling Contest at Yellville, Ark.

C. P. COOPER,
Forsyth, Mo.

468th Bomb Group

● Been getting Ex-CBI Roundup since it started seven years ago. Didn't any of you guys ever hear of the 468th Bomb Group? We were at Kharagpur, also over The Hump at A-7, forward echelon base. Come on . . . let's see you at least mention the names of these places. After all we were the outfit which flew the Billy Mitchell flag. That alone signifies that we kept more B-29's flying than any other outfit.

ARTHUR E. JANSKY,
San Marino, Calif.

1304th Engineer Dies

● Addis Vandree, a member of the Chicago Basha, passed away at Fargo, N.D., last October. He was T/5 with the 1304th Engineers with almost three years service in CBI.

BILL MOERK,
Chicago, Ill.

Background Music

● Would like to know if it is possible to obtain a recording of the background music from the picture, "Objective Burma?" It's been so long ago I can't remember the name of the studio that made it.

R. C. KAUFMAN,
Meridian, Calif.



TOWN HALL at Karachi, taken during the war by Bob May.

SEVERAL SIDES of CBI LIFE...

By BOYD SINCLAIR

(Copyright 1950)

ONE FACET of GI life in the Orient was the series of coincidences which led everybody to believe that it was indeed a small world. So many brothers met brothers in the Orient that, in the end, a man who had not met his brother was the oddity. Brothers met sisters, husbands met wives, neighbors met neighbors, landlords met tenants, and GIs with the same names got in the same outfits.

T/4 Sam J. Natanson from Los Angeles, a finance wallah, was surprised one day to pay off his brother William from Wichita, Kansas, in a pay line. Secretary of War Robert Patterson met an old neighbor of his, Master Sgt. Kenneth H. Bennett, at Chabua, Assam. Four GIs from San Diego, Texas, Ppts. First Class Jose M. Gonzalez, Jose Lorenzo, Pedro C. Cabello, and Cpl. Reynaldo Herrera, dwellers in the same block back home, got together in the 1327th Base Unit in Assam. Sgt. John E. Misera of Chicago found some of his Polish relatives in a refugee camp near Karachi.

The most unusual brother team that got together was the Higgins twins from Texas, who were as much alike as two tomatoes in a catsup bottle; in fact, the Higgins brothers were so much alike that they gave Maj. Gen. Frank Merrill a peck of trouble. He ordered Albert to grow a moustache so he could tell Albert from Elbert.

The two boys with Merrill's Marauders had a fine theory about rank. Albert was a captain and Elbert was a first lieutenant, but Elbert claimed he had outranked Albert all his life by 15 minutes. Elbert was born a quarter of an hour before Albert. He reiterated constantly that he would outrank Albert throughout life no matter how many times he got promoted.

The Higgins brothers were from Texas, were both blind in the same eye, both were commissioned second lieutenants on the same orders, and were promoted to first lieutenant on the same orders. Albert managed to get his captain's bars ahead of Elbert in 1944, although still out-

ranked on the precedent-shattering birth theory. Ex-students of Texas A&M College, from which they were graduated in 1942, the Higgins boys lost out in ROTC because they were each blind in one eye. The commandant at the school, however, got them commissions in the Quartermaster Corps.

"Being blind in one eye — or both — doesn't matter very much in the Quartermaster Corps," said Lt. Richard J. Hawkins, a mutual friend of the Higgins boys, himself in the Field Artillery.

Lt. Comdr. John R. Fitzpatrick of the Navy was a man who met his landlord 12,000 miles from home. When Fitzpatrick walked in with his best Navy bearing to meet Brig. Gen. Howard C. Davidson, the first few minutes of conversation brought out that Fitzpatrick and his family were renting a house in Frederick, Maryland, owned by Davidson.

"If you're around here the first of the month," said Davidson, "you can just pay me."

"Well, I'll do it," returned Fitzpatrick, "if you'll have the living room papered. My wife's been after you about it since before the war."

Two GIs, both with the names of Hillard Hall, and both in the same combat outfit in Burma, caused more trouble than the Japs. They were not only always getting in each other's hair, but also in other people's hair — and other people in theirs. Both Halls met in Trinidad in 1943. In the beginning the first sergeant had trouble calling the roll. "Hall," he would shout.

"Which Hall?" they would shout back in unison.

"Hillard Hall," the top-kick would reply.

"Which Hillard?"

In disgust, old zebra-arm would patiently and laboriously look up their serial numbers.

When Hall No. 1 went back to the States, Hall No. 2 breathed a sigh of relief, but not for long. His mail stopped. The Army postoffice just sent all the mail to Hall No. 1. Hall No. 2 was writing to a sweet young lady of short acquaintance.

The sugar reports from her came to an abrupt end. Hall No. 1, in the meantime, was wondering how she had got on his mailing list. They tried to straighten the whole thing out, but the longer the correspondence kept on, the more snafued it got. Finally the girl just decided to write to both.

After awhile they both got back in the same outfit again and came to CBI. They, of course, had trouble with the supply sergeant at first. Hall No. 1 came in, drew

called on the lieutenant in charge of the transient area. After his tour of the littered ground, the lieutenant paid a visit to the sergeant in charge of Indian labor.

The sergeant sought out his private first class assistant. This worthy cornered the native labor foreman, who summarily fired the coolie whose responsibility it was to pick up beer bottles.

SGT. CHARLES W. CLARK of **Roundup** revealed what was no doubt a mythical experience with the Army game when he communicated with the editor by letter while he was on the way home.

"Dear Boss," he wrote, "You remember that story you told me to do on surplus mess kits before I left New Delhi. I guess you have been wondering about it on account of you never did get it. The fact is, boss, I had a little trouble on that story, and I guess I had better tell you about it so you can dismiss it from your mind. I lost some of my enthusiasm for journalism while on this story of surplus mess kits."

a rifle, signed for it in the best GI tradition. The supply sergeant handed out rifles for awhile, and then another GI ambled up in the line, drew his rifle, and scribbled nicely, "Hillard Hall."

"What's this, a gag?" exploded the sergeant when he peeped at the signature. "You just drew one rifle."

The two Hillard Halls had to get together in the flesh to convince the suspicious supply sergeant. They convinced him that there were two Hillard Halls, maybe not as like as two waves on a beach, but nevertheless there in a sea of Burma jungle.

The supply sergeant's time-honored behavior toward the two Hillard Halls brings us to that side of life known as the Army Way, which includes passing the buck and going through channels. Lt. Robert L. Black, chief of CBI Armed Forces Radio Service in New Delhi, ran up against a stone wall in the system one day. Needing some buck slips to continue his business in the time-honored Army way, the lieutenant turned to the obvious—the supply sergeant—for a couple of hundred. The lieutenant approached the sergeant and put in his request verbally.

"Sorry, sir," countered the impeccably non-com. "You'll have to file a formal requisition on a buck slip to get the buck slips."

But the lieutenant did not have any buck slips. The last seen of him he was sitting sadly at his desk, drumming first on his desk, then on his head, trying to get around the angle.

The CBI Roundup finally came to the conclusion that progress had come to India, after what happened to a coolie at a replacement depot. A visiting colonel inspected an area at the depot and found beer bottles scattered about. The colonel

revealed what was no doubt a mythical experience with the Army game when he communicated with the editor by letter while he was on the way home.

"They always told me on the Fort Worth **Star-Telegram** to see the man at the top for real authentic information, so I dropped in on the general unannounced. The general was pleasant but firm when he told me that he had other messes on his hands besides kits and would I please go away and see G-4. Well, I dashed around to G-4 and stated my mission to the highest-ranking man I could find in the place.

"Humm," mused the colonel. "What's going to happen to all these surplus mess kits scattered about CBI?" After reflecting for a moment, he said, "A good question, indeed. Well, now let me see. I can't say off hand, but I believe Lieutenant Colonel Smuch at the Quartermaster would know about that sort of thing. Picking up the telephone, the colonel got Smuch on the wire. 'Is that you, Smuch? Say, there's a soldier here who wants to know all about mess kits. I will send him over to see you.'

"Well, boss, I rode my bicycle over to see Smuch and he told me to go right into the next office and see Major Crunch and that he would take care of me right away. It was right in an adjoining office, so it was no trouble at all. 'Major Crunch,' I said, 'Colonel Smuch has referred me to you on the question of what we are going to do with all the surplus mess kits in CBI, now that the war is over and everybody will be eating out of plates sooner or later. Can you tell me about it?'

"No, as a matter of fact—and he was terribly sorry, to be sure—he didn't have the exact figures at his fingertips, but he



was sure that his assistant, Captain Burp, would know. The captain was summoned and questioned. But it turned out that for the past three weeks Burp had been busy working on the disposal of a warehouse full of jungle ration. He did not seem to have the exact status of surplus mess kits in hand. He suggested that I see either Lieutenant Schmuck or Sergeant Chuck, two of the assistants in his section.

"It was not more than a step or two to the adjoining desks of Schmuck and Chuck. Schmuck stopped counting his per diem and Chuck stopped counting his points long enough to hear my question. They called over a corporal and there followed a somewhat mumbled conversation. The corporal called over a private, and pretty soon the private wandered off in a corner and picked up a telephone and made a call. I couldn't hear much of what he was saying, but just before he put down the telephone, I heard him say, 'That's fine. You can give me the full details Thursday, then?'

"Well, the private said to come back Thursday and he would have the dope for me. 'That is fine,' I said. 'Who is that you just talked to?' 'Oh,' he said, 'that was the editor of the *Roundup*. He said that his man Clark was going to have a complete story on surplus mess kits in the next issue.'

"I wept softly and departed, boss. Somehow or other I simply did not have the heart to bring up the subject again."

The Army Way finally got some people. Lt. Hiram M. Young, an Oklahoma mountainer, said he finally got to the point where he dreamed about it at night. The old China hand said he dreamed out all the Army's history in detail while mumbling and thrashing about on his sack at night. He would relate his dreams the next day to his roommate and his men. One of his most unusual dreams was the one in which he thought he was George Washington crossing the Delaware to attack the British. He dreamed all the details, he said, even down to the military preparation prior to traversing the historic stream.

"Reveille," he related, "was at four o'clock in the morning. The uniform was silk stockings, silver knee buckles, and powdered wigs."

He said that he dispensed with boats, instead had the Engineers throw up a ponton bridge. "I saw no use in taking a chance on getting my men wet while the Engineers were enjoying a little sack time," he said.

The dream Washington did not surprise the British the way the real Washington did in the history books.

"The Redcoats were wide awake," said he, "but they refused to fight until they were properly introduced. After introductions were concluded among all ranks," related Young, "my outfit backed off and waited for it to get light. I told them to wait until they could see the whites of their eyes. One far-sighted sergeant started shooting at least a half hour ahead of the rest."

In his somnolent vision, the dream fray lasted all day, the fighting going tit for tat until about 10 o'clock in the morning. The British almost gained the day when the American stopped for coffee. Neither side stopped for lunch, but the British quit for tea at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

"When the Limey's stopped to dress for evening chow, that act spelled their defeat," the dreamer concluded.

Young maintained that it was the Army Way that drove him to his dreams, but



there were other theories among his comrades, among them the reasoning that he had dropped a bomb on his head as a boy, others writing it all off to the heat and climate.

THE HEAT AND CLIMATE was another side of life in CBI. And what a side! As one Texas GI put it, "India is as hot as a two-dollar six-shooter in a million-dollar cattle war." Some said there were only two seasons—the monsoon and the rains. One and all admitted that Mark Twain had said it when he declared that it was so hot in summer that the door knobs melted; but in winter they cooled off to a point where you could knead them like dough. It was so hot in Calcutta the cops carried umbrellas instead of clubs. A literary GI observed that the Indian literary critics, when they got together to criticize some new poetry in Hindustani, would fan it instead of scan it. The same man remarked that nobody carried matches or cigarette lighters. They merely held the cigarettes from under the edges of their sun helmets. Everybody from the U.S. came to the conclusion that what India needed was plenty of cucumbers and a good Russian winter. The

Several Sides of CBI Life —

country was summed up as Frigidaire's greatest problem.

Everybody wondered about Mahatma Gandhi's costume before they went over, but they didn't once they got there. They concluded that the old boy was just trying to keep cool and chalked him up as a mighty sensible man by the garment he wore.

The CBI-wallahs of India and Burma concluded in the end that it was all a mistake about a rainy season. "It's the steam season," one GI said. "If and when the dry season does come, though, nobody is troubled with dust — it's ashes. The Indians say it only rains during the monsoon season, June through September. What's that stuff during the fall, winter and spring — drinking water? Louis Bromfield didn't tell the whole story. He told us that the rains came, but he slipped up when he didn't tell us that they never went." Sgt. John Derr of **Roundup** observed that both India and Burma were strictly good duck countries. "North Burma," he said, "is the only country in the world where ducks can fly and swim at the same time."

A concomitant of the hot weather was prickly heat, which was as commonplace as the lack of women. When you saw a man scratching with a supreme look of frustration on his face because he could not reach that spot between his shoulder blades, you knew he had it. It was not an unusual sight, observed Pvt. "Beans" Condon at an Assam station hospital, to see two GIs meet, go into a very earnest conversation, then stop suddenly, and with a look of acute anguish on their faces, go into a convulsive torso movement that would put Carmen Miranda to shame. Most men were against wearing khaki shorts at first, but the prickly heat soon put an end to their modesty. It was generally referred to as the Asiatic crud. Staff Sgt. Karl Peterson of **Roundup** said that the best sign that the rash was at its height was when the victim started "itching, twitching, and bitching, and developed a temper like a well-teased Bengal tiger." The only cure, the medics wearily told everybody, was cool weather.

In spite of the fact that Americans believed it would not, cool weather, even cold weather, came to India in the winter, especially at certain spots. But the fact that cold did hit the hot spots is best ascertained from a complaint that an officer at Central Vista Barracks in New Delhi sent to his billeting officer. He wrote in a military manner:

"The undersigned about two weeks ago built a fire in the fireplace in Room 88,

but he extinguished it on observing that the smoke came out in the room instead of going up the chimney. One this date at approximately 1815, although there was no fire in the fireplace and no attempt had been made to light one, smoke was observed coming **down** the chimney and out into the room. Request that this unorthodox chimney (in which smoke **comes down without** the aid of a fire and in which smoke won't **go up with** the aid of one) be examined, if there is any provision in Army Regulations for doing so. It is suggested that someone from Pittsburgh be put in here so he will feel at home. The undersigned considers this an unusual chimney, and if it cannot be adjusted, he is of the opinion that the billeting officer should come to see it anyway. The undersigned believes it to be one of the wonders of the mysterious Orient."

Despite the debilitating climate, GIs were always indulging in something they could just as well have left alone. Through the **Roundup** they were always looking for the shortest man in CBI, the tallest man

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Several Sides of CBI Life

in China, the toughest first sergeant, the youngest pilot, the oldest pilot, the most contrary commanding officer, and other superlative characters too numerous to mention.

Roundup started off by backing Pvt. W. B. LaBrosse as the shortest man in CBI. The ink was hardly dry when Master Sgt. Stanley Krolyzk turned up T/5 Santo Maglioli, GI gas station attendant in the paper's back yard, who stood 4 feet 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches. That lasted until Pvt. First Class Melvin D. Erenrich, airplane mechanic, threw his hat in the ring from a height of 4 feet and 10 inches. So many letters poured in from the short boys that the editor finally came to the conclusion that the Army had some Singer midgets out in the bushes. Sgt. Ralph Somerville, **Roundup** artist, drew a picture of a sun helmet over the upper part of a pair of GI shoes, and labeled it the "shortest GI in CBI."

GI subordinates of an Air Service Command squadron in India turned up what **Roundup** concluded was the toughest first sergeant. He was William V. Heskett of Hillview, Illinois, and according to the boys in his outfit (so chronicled Sgt. William T. Brown), he uncapped beer bottles two at a time with his teeth. Heskett in a bet with a bartender, so said his boys,



performed the great feat of uncapping a case of beer with his teeth in three minutes.

Roundup finally came to the conclusion that Capt. Victor (Pop) Henly of the 1328th AAF Base Unit in Assam was the oldest pilot at the age of 41. As for the youngest, there were so many beardless youths at the controls that the youngest-and oldest editor finally became buried under applications for the distinction. The 1328th had an older GI who was doing his part along with his son at the same base. It is usually the father who offers advice and guidance to the son, but the combination of the Army and India proved too much even for that stalwart tradition. Cpl. Kadzie Goodwin was the son and the father was Staff Sgt. William A. Goodwin, both of them volunteers who wrote to their wives in Ithaca, New York. Son Goodwin was a ground radio tech-

nician, his father an aerial radio operator flying The Hump. That's where the guiding of the father by the son came in. Father and son occupied the same **bashas** at their base, where sometimes the father pulled both rank and parental prerogative on his son in getting the **bashas** straightened up. There were enough of these men in their 40s and 50s in the GI ranks who had families at home to make men wonder what the shouting about drafting fathers in the States was all about.

TEXANS CONTRIBUTED their slice of life to CBI living. One B-29 base in China reported that their outfit was overrun with Texans and that Chinese who did not know any better were under the impression that Austin was the capital of the United States. Cpl. Howard Gongwer, a former student of Ohio State University, got so tired of boasting Texans that he took the War Department's personnel figures and the state population figures of all the states and proved, despite the fact that Texas had more perambulating beefsteaks and flowing gold, Nevada and Rhode Island had more men in the armed forces in proportion to their population than did the biggest state.

Every citizen a press agent seemed to be the motto of the CBI-anchored Texans. Even a gentleman like Major Vann Kennedy of Austin, who combined Chinese courtesy with Southern hospitality and Texas politeness, was not above it.

The tales of Texans were legion. The best was probably the tale of Twitty of Texas, or rather, a tale told on Twitty of Texas. It seems that one Corporal Twitty of Dallas received a mysterious telephone call in an Indian city, and Twitty, suspecting Japanese espionage, went prepared to clean out a nest of spies. But he only found an admirer of Texas. When the telephone call came, Twitty was on duty at the Army post office. The voice said in tones of intrigue that it belonged to a Mr. Chatterjee.

"A mutual acquaintance," said Mr. Chatterjee, "has given me your name and has recommended you as being able to give me some information on foreign postal matters. Naturally, I will pay well if I get what I want." Mr. Chatterjee asked Twitty if he would meet him at a well-known club.

"Sure, I'll come," Twitty was quoted.

Twitty got busy. He reported to his commanding officer. It was decided that Twitty would meet the conspirator as arranged, so the next evening at 7 o'clock Twitty arrived at the club, an MP squad tailing him. They deployed behind bushes

and trees. Before Twitty got inside the clubhouse, he found Mr. Chatterjee, a dark little man with whiskers and a turban.

"Corporal Twitty of Texas?" inquired Mr. Chatterjee.

"Sure am, pardner," Twitty was quoted.

"Corporal Twitty," said the little man earnestly, "I have heard many stories of your country and am an admirer of your people. I am an ardent collector of postage stamps. I have a number of American stamps in my collection, but not one Texas stamp. I am prepared to pay well for any that you may have."

Lts. Guilford Jones and James L. Coffee and Capt. Charles Leavitt were three Lone Star boys who discovered that Texans had to maintain eternal vigilance. Coffee and Jones had a couple of Texas flags which they kept in their quarters. Late one evening the banners turned up missing. They searched high and low, questioned Yankees, threatened mayhem, but finally had to go to bed without the missing colors. The mystery of who purloined the pennons was not solved until the following morning. It was while Jones was shaving and gazing sleepily out the window that the missing Texas standards flapped into his startled gaze. There they floated in the early morning breeze over the latrine. Jones led the charge that recovered the Lone Star flags and restored them to their proper places. Later information revealed that they hired a couple of Gurkhas to guard the colors at night.

Another aspect of CBI life that almost brought frustration to the boys anchored in the big cities was the Indian plumbing. Nothing was ever so difficult, especially the commodes and water closets, operated by pulling a chain. But they rarely if ever flushed—that is, when Americans tried it. These devil's contraptions were marked with a brand name of "Monsoon." As Maj. Floyd Walter observed, they should have been called "Drought." When one pulled the chain, nothing happened—just plain nothing. As little success would have been realized had one tried to pull the tail off an elephant. Never was any mule so balky as one of these Monsoon water closets. It was brute struggle of man versus machine. Direct attack always failed. Some tried finesse and met with as dismal a rebuff. One never felt quite right in leaving these Indian lavatories, usually called meditation rooms in GI circles, without hearing the mellifluous, bubbling polyphony of flowing water. But there was the alternative. A man usually sneaked away guiltily, hoping that

no one would notice his shame but the coolie.

But the British and Indians had no trouble at all. They just had the knack. Americans got a sort of inferiority complex about it. The British and Indians were generous about it, and understandingly demonstrated the scientific approach to numerous Yanks. With them it was all so damned simple. A deft manipulation and a sound like a robust brook would fill the meditation room. No effort at all. The Americans ended up by not even trying, slipping in and out when none of their Allies were about.

With such embarrassment accompanying bodily functions in the rear echelons, it was often a relief to go to a field latrine in the forward areas. But even there things could be unpleasant. In fact, life was unsafe at times.

With Americans the growler has always been a place in which to sit with an air of quiet dignity. They can smoke a cigarette, read the morning paper or just meditate while attending to evacuation amenities. A cryptographic officer in Assam, however, learned that things could be dangerous when he made his customary morning call. He calmly lit a cigarette and tossed the match down the hole of the thatched meditation booth. The resulting explosion not only singed his eyebrows but gave him a quick glimpse of what Dante's Inferno could be like. He made his way out wondering what caused it all.

It developed that British sanitary engineers that morning had mixed a little



gasoline with the oil they normally poured in as an hygienic measure.

This little tale brought a slight dressing-down for *Roundup's* editor from "Uncle Joe" Stilwell.

"I see by the June 17 issue of the *Roundup* that the temptation to publicize evacuation of the bowels is too much for you," he wrote. "Maybe there is a faint smile in this write-up, but the decision on that basis is pretty close. I do not want to be an old woman in connection with manly sports and rugged frankness, but you are getting on thin ice and I would hate to see you break through."

—THE END



CBI DATELINE

News dispatches from recent issues of the
Calcutta Statesman

AGRA, INDIA — Almost all intermediate colleges and schools in Agra city and suburbs were closed following noisy demonstrations held outside their gates by student strikers from the three degree colleges which had been closed for a week (on Nov. 11). Police pickets guarding public utility services have been reinforced.

CALCUTTA — The All-India Marwari Federation will soon start a campaign against dowry and purdah systems, "the two main evils in Marwari society today."

NEW DELHI — India is concerned with the "consequences which may result" from negotiations between Pakistan and the United States for the establishment of U. S. air bases in Pakistan.

CALCUTTA — The Indian Board for Wild Life plans to allot about Rs. 27 lakhs during the remaining period of the five-year plan for the establishment of 18 national parks throughout India and a zoological park in New Delhi.

NEW DELHI — First reactions here to the visit of the U. S. Vice President, Mr. Nixon, seem encouraging, as an indication of a possible turn for the better in the rather chilling atmosphere of Indo-U. S. relations. Mr. Nixon went today to Rejghat and placed a wreath on Mahatma Gandhi's samadhi. Mrs. Nixon presented a cheque for \$450, contributed by American personnel who served in the China-Burma-India theatre during World War II, to Mrs. Indira Gandhi, Vice-President of the Indian Council for Child Welfare. Mrs. Nixon said that although the amount was modest, it was made up of a great many small donations "which represented the remembrance of India's children by several hundreds of Americans who served in the armed forces in the China-Burma-India theatre during the recent war."

GAUHATI — Laborers in the Dooars and Terai tea gardens are likely to get a two-anna per day increase in wages. With the proposed increase, the daily wage of an adult male worker will be Rs. 1/8 (31 cents) per day.

CALCUTTA — The most densely populated area in West Bengal lies in a belt of land running north-south along the banks of the river Bhagirathi-Hooghly, where more than 1,000 persons live in each square mile.

STATION LIST
United States Army Forces
China-Burma-India
5 October 1944

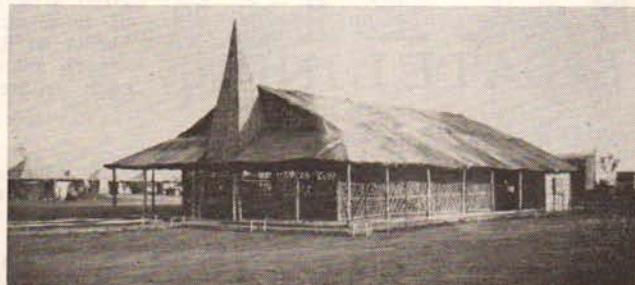
Station	APO
Agra, India	884
Bangalore, India	491
Barrackpore, India	492
Bombay, India	881
Calcutta, India	465
Chabua, India	629
Chakulia, India	631
Chengkung, China	211
Chengtu, China	210
Chungking, China	879
Dehra Dun, India	885
Dergaon, India	466
Dhubri, India	431
Dikom, India	629
Dinjan, India	487
Gauhati, India	495
Gaya, India	630
Hastings Mill, India	671
Ishurdi, India	494
Jorhat, India	466
Kai Yuan, China	627
Kalaikunda, India	493
Kanchrapara, India	494
Kandy, Ceylon	432
Kanjikoah, India	629
Karachi, India	882
Kharagpur, India	493
Kunming, China	627
Kurmitola, India	433
Lake Beale, India	213
Lalmanirhat, India	431
Ledo, India	689
Malir Cantonment, India	883
Mengtsz, China	488
Misamari, India	489
Mohanbari, India	490
Myitkyina, Burma	218
Naraharkatiya, India
Nazira, India	629
New Delhi, India	885
Ondal, India	690
Paoshan, China	627
Ramgarh, India	628
Ranaghat, India	494
Sadiya, India	629
Shaduzup, Burma	689
Shingbwiyang, Burma	689
Siakwan, China	488
Sookerating, India	467
Tezpur, India	429
Tingkawk Sakan, Burma	689
Wallabum, Burma	689
Yangkai, China	212
Yang Tong, China	430
Yungping, China	488
Yunnanyi, China	488

To the Editor—

CBI-ers with Airline

• There are several ex-CBI-ers working as airline captains with Southern Airway, Atlanta, Ga. I have been with Southern since it was started in 1949, flying as Captain. Also the following pilots: R. Tripp Brown, Dave Draz, Edward Mackay, Ben T. Epps and V. A. Knudgard.

GEORGE L. BRADFORD,
Atlanta, Ga.



CHAPEL AT WARAZUP, Burma. A portion of the 490th Bomb Squadron tent area is visible in left background. Theater at rear. Photo by Harold E. Harkins.

7th Bomb Group

• We are starting a monthly magazine for former members of the 7th Bombardment Group. Anyone from this outfit who is not on our mailing list, drop us a line.

MAX HILLSMAN,
1553 W. 223rd St.,
Torrance, Calif.

23rd Fighter Group

• Whatever has happened to the 23rd Fighter Group, the first group in China? We took over where the Flying Tigers left off. Is the group still active or is it abandoned?

FAUSTY BARTOLINI,
Latrobe, Pa.

Detroit CBI Basha

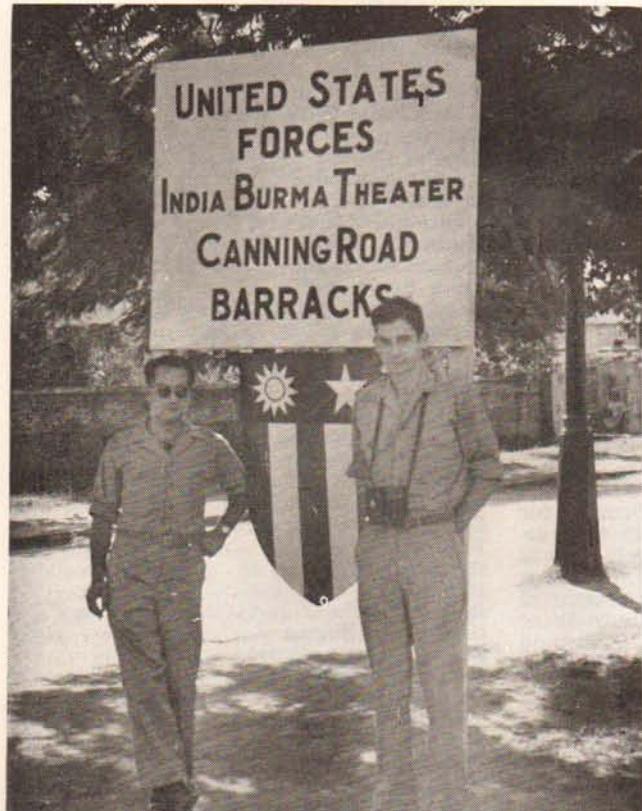
• We finally got around to try and organize a local Basha in the Detroit area. My wife and I sent out 62 invitations, had a meeting at our house on Oct. 7th. We had quite a discussion and a good time. We decided to hold another at the Sheraton Cadillac Hotel on Nov. 7th. We had a better crowd at this meeting and decided to get our organization going in earnest. It has been decided that the first Saturday night of every month will be our regular meeting night at the Sheraton Cadillac Hotel. Anyone interested may contact me.

CLARK PEACH,
17705 Winston,
Detroit, Mich.

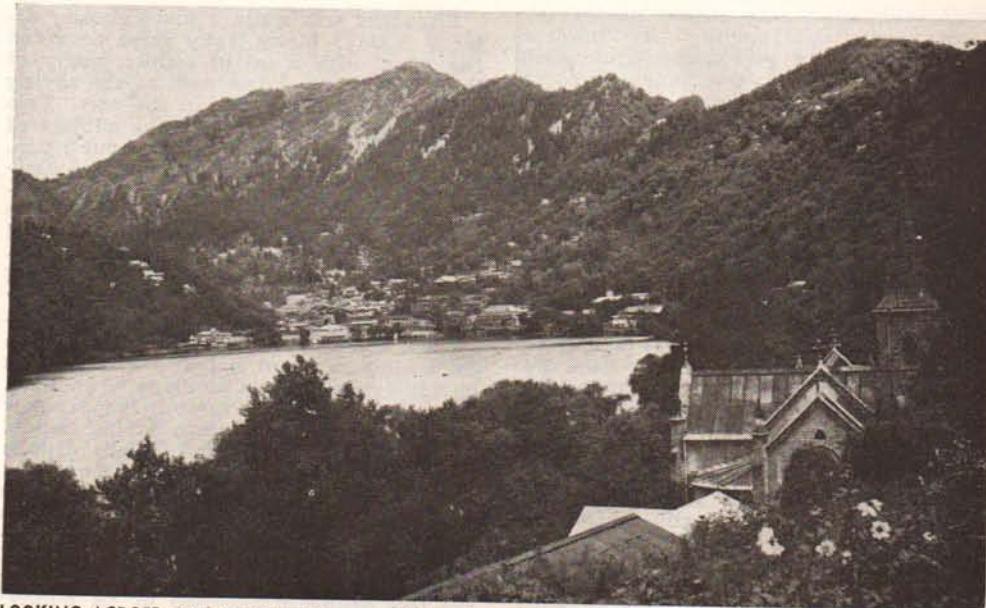
Change Sensed

• Have been watching your issues with interest, partly because I can sense a change in tone and subject matter from pure nostalgia to something more significant, namely an attempt to inform a group of readers all of whom have a special reason to be interested, on current happenings and attitudes in India and Burma, and possibly also, at least a small fraction, of China. If this can be done and not on the "intellectual" level, I think your magazine may do a very useful service. Your Chaplain O'Gara Fund was also constructive.

MARSHALL PAGE,
Kew Gardens, N. Y.



BOB JOHN and Albert Wiener pose outside their barracks at New Delhi, India.



LOOKING ACROSS the lake toward bazaar district of peaceful Naini Tal. Photo by Orlando Giralico.

Naini Tal —

The GI's Paradise in India
(Condensed from "Phoenix")

Pocket-size Naini Tal, snug in its three-sided frame of hills, has pretty nearly everything a leave station should have—movies, restaurants, boating, yachting, swimming, fishing, horseback riding, roller skating, dancing and a variety of night spots where GI's could mull over a glass of cold beer.

From the Calcutta area it is a 20-hour rail journey to Lucknow, where a four-hour wait gives you time to see the old Residency, famous for the seige in the Indian Mutiny, and then by the Metre gauge overnight to Kathgodam, finishing with a climb of 1,690 feet to 6,500 feet. The trip takes slightly less than two days.

But once there, after the excitement of the usual sharp tussles with coolies and rickshaw wallahs has died down, it is not hard to see why Naini Tai was chosen as the summer seat of the United Provinces administration. It has a placid beauty in which the lake takes prominent part. At its foot, Tali Tal retains much of the Indian atmosphere—crowded bazaars that are thronged with all the people who want to sell you something.

At the Naini end of the lake there are good shops and bazaars. Behind, Cheena Peak, 8,500 feet, rises to give a fine pan-

orama of the Himalayan snows and of Nanda Devi, 25,000 feet. Cheena is not a hard climb, the starting point itself is 6,500 feet, so that there are 2,000 feet of well-used trails to tackle. If you prefer a horse to do the work, well, that can be arranged for about Rs. 3.

Other climbs, easier still, are Land's End, with a fine view of the plains, Dorothy's Seat, overlooking the lake, and Snow View. Over the hillsides and then through the trees to Bhowali (9 miles) or Bhim Tal (11 miles) are handy trips whether on foot or on pony. The road is a good one.

Short treks can be arranged from Naini if anyone wants to leave it.

Naini's night life is gay. There are dances most nights at the Allied Forces Club with plenty of partners; Naini Tal Club's excellently floored dance chalet is reserved for GI's one night a week. You can get a meal at two or three o'clock in the morning at restaurants.

The bar at the Volunteer's Club has the atmosphere of the long lost local. Any night you will find it full of men on leave, knocking down half pints. It is bright, cheerful, gossipy.

Cars are not allowed in the town. Chief transportation is by rickshaw, "dandy" (a chair on poles carried by four coolies) and on horseback, on horses which long since ceased to be astonished at the soldier as a horseman. Galloping is not permitted (penalty Rs. 200). —THE END.

It Happened In CBI

Winning Entry

During one of the delightful (?) periods of flying raw Chinese recruits from Pei-ishi about 60 miles north of Chungking, Lt. H. S. Gray had quite an experience. Up to this time the troop movements had created no unusual events other than the usual weeding out of the women (they always tried to sneak a woman aboard) and the usual stink after the trip. Lt. Gray was all loaded and cleared for the take-off, and the flight chief had stepped into the front cockpit to get a breath of fresh air during the take-off. All the Chinese had been properly seated on the floor of the plane, each sitting between the legs of the one behind, the door closed tightly. When Lt. Gray opened the throttle, some of the Chinese got the outer door open and jumped out. As the plane gathered momentum and left the ground, the Chinese were still streaming out the door! As the Chinese hit the ground, the regular Chinese soldiers promptly shot them, if they weren't already killed by the fall! I don't know for sure, but I think by the time Lt. Gray got the ship back on the ground he'd lost over half of his human cargo! — KEN-NETH K. BABCOCK, McCamey, Texas.



Many will remember the barber shop run in real Stateside fashion at the Polo Grounds in Chabua. The sergeant in charge tried, with considerable success, to duplicate accommodations and services a la Hotel Bismarck, Chicago. When I arrived at Chabua early in 1944, I was proud of the smattering of Hindusthani I had picked up after a year "down south" in Bengal. Nor did I hesitate to use the language at every opportunity. Accordingly, when I climbed into Chair 2 for my first haircut in the establishment, my statement to the Indian barber was "Bahu chota manta." The boy politely answered, "Do you wish a GI haircut, sir?" I got my short haircut without further conversation.—ALFRED M. ZISSER, Buffalo, N. Y.

Shanghai was quite a place shortly after V-J Day. Many Navy ships provided the town with a lot of sailors, many of them fresh from home and, as the saying goes, not quite dry behind the ears. Two of these young sailors are the subject of this story. Our paths crossed about 9 p.m. in the washroom of the beautiful American YMCA on Nanking Road. They apparently had been overwhelmed by the available entertainment in Shanghai and had overdone the drinking part considerably. Picture the fairly familiar scene of one drunk taking care of his slightly drunker buddy. The less drunk, but well-soused, sailor was doing his best to keep his buddy balanced, a feat the latter was obviously not able to do alone. Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, the drunker of the two starts swinging at his buddy, who returns the swings. If two drunks could fight, a real one would have developed, but the SP's appeared on the scene and promptly separated them. The SP's in their benevolent manner are leading the two away for "safe keeping" when the following remark was made by the less drunk of the two to his buddy: "Sam, in case you don't know it, you've simply ruined my evening!"—CLINTON L. LEWIS, Jr., Augusta, Ga.



As a Red Cross girl I spent the last few months of the war at Ledo. Since help was at a premium, my room mate and I, in true democratic fashion, promoted a sweeper to position of bearer and in our spare time set about molding him into the perfect servant. He was willing, but my one and only pair of white pumps were slowly turning a dirty gray from his method of cleaning them by repeatedly covering the dirt with white polish. Finally, by means of my limited Hindusthani and pantomime, I conveyed to him (I thought) that the slippers should be wiped clean with a damp cloth and soap before applying the polish. That afternoon when I returned from work, there were my pumps sitting in the sun in shining white glory, but with a distinct toes-curved-up, inebriated appearance. The bearer had dunked them in a bucket of hot soapy water. — LILA (ROGERS) WHITEHEAD, Elk Grove, Calif.

YOU MAY WIN \$5.00!

Contributions for "It Happened In CBI" are invited. Only true incidents which occurred in CBI are acceptable. Best brief contribution published in each issue is worth \$5.00 to the writer. Readers are encouraged to send in their entries. Shorter the better. Send your story to the editor now for inclusion in next issue. Winners will be notified before entry is published.

After we started flying into Lashio, Burma, I came to know a native "jewel merchant" pretty well. He would usually come out to the airplane when we landed and try to sell various precious and semi-precious stones. He kept them in a tin box and each stone was individually wrapped in a small paper. One day I took a "stranger" with me who didn't know the ropes so well. When we landed, here was Joe with his tin box full of stones. The fellow with me wanted to buy some and in his eagerness to get some good ones he was helping Joe unwrap some of the stones. He found a real pretty red one he liked but Joe grabbed it quickly and wrapped it up, saying: "Nay Teik, Sahib—Jeep tail light!" I concluded that Joe was a pretty honest salesman after all and did buy a few stones from him later (they were real!).—W. G. GHORMLEY, Arlington, Va.



As our ship, the General Butler, dropped anchor at Bombay, McDevitt — our Irish wit — remarked to me, "Y'know . . . when this war ends I'd like to travel!"—R. J. LUEDEMANN, St. Paul, Minn.



In India I was assigned to Headquarters, Tenth Air Force in Calcutta and was working unusually late hours with nothing on my mind but getting the job done and getting home as soon as possible. Eager Beaver all over! At the end of the second week a notice appeared on the official bulletin board that the Royal Air Force were entertaining at a cocktail party the following Tuesday at six and "the following officers will attend." My name was on the list—just at the busiest time of my routine. Nothing to do but run to quarters and put on another dry uniform — appear — and go back to work.

The sun was boiling down as usual and the RAF forgot to order the ice but the party was promptly under way at six. I was amazed to meet the ranking RAF officer of the theater — the Air Vice Marshall—and find that she was a woman.

As the sun dropped lower, a flight of gorgeous scarlet ibis in perfect V formation lazily winged over the garden and everyone stopped to admire them. Look-

ing around to see if any familiar faces had arrived I noticed that every guest present was looking up with glass in hand while the other hand was carefully placed over the top. The only civilian there — short and immaculately dressed — was walking toward me and I motioned him to look at the care with which everyone was protecting his drink. We both thought the sight was quite humorous and began to chat. His questions got very penetrating and even inquisitive and though he wore a ribbon in his lapel I didn't like the look in one glass eye. Security conscious, I wasn't talking. Finally he invited me to have lunch with him the next day and I politely refused with work as the excuse. He persisted and so did I. By that time he was getting a bang out of the most apparent fact that I hadn't the slightest idea of who he was. After more insistence and more firm but polite refusals, he was surrounded by brass and carried away. As he left he told me to write down his number — "Call Calcutta number one and ask for the Old Man if you can make it."

The depths of chagrin kept me from calling the number the next day and having lunch with Sir Archibald Percival Wavell, Viceroy of India and Supreme Commander of the Unified Southwest Pacific Area Command. Do you blame me for asking that this should be signed — Name Withheld.



While conducting a visiting dignitary on a tour of the 14th Evacuation Hospital one day, Colonel Swanson led his guest through the laboratory. "And here is our blood-bank," the colonel announced, grasping the handle on the refrigerator door. The door came open, revealing a gleaming white interior which contained, among other things, quivering bowls of Jello. On a similar mission a few days later, Colonel Swanson again entered the laboratory, again confidently announced, "This is our blood-bank," as he opened the refrigerator door. Row after row of amber frosted beer bottles met his startled glance. Thereafter, on his tours of the lab, the colonel would pause with his hand on the refrigerator door and address Captain Roberts: "Gene, is there any Jello in here?" "Not today, sir." "Is there any beer in here?" "Not a bottle, sir." Then Colonel Swanson, beaming, would swing the door open as he proudly declared, "And this is our blood-bank."—NORMAN K. REDSTONE, Lakewood, R. I.

Non-Drinker Sayet

● Re "Unsoldierly conduct at Victor George," (Jan. issue) I do have a hazy recollection that we had all sworn to break "The Great Speckled Bird" record the moment the Japs quit but whether I myself personally performed the breaking I cannot swear to. I think it safe to assume Gene Sayet knows what he was talking about because Gene was the one member of the staff who positively did not drink at any time.

Oklahoma City, Okla.
MACK FULLER,

159th Station Hospital

● I enjoy reading each issue from cover to cover for it brings back many memories of that far-off land where I sweated out 32 months. The pictures of places where I have been sure makes a fellow stop and think of the time he was there and what we thought of it then. We relive those times today. I was with the 159th Station Hospital, later the 181st General Hospital, and still later the 371st Station Hospital. Would like to see pictures of these groups and other outfits stationed in India.

T. W. MOORE,
Chattanooga, Tenn.



SOME OF THE railroad engines used by U.S. pilots in the late war as targets are still rusting away at Insein, Burma. Photo taken only a few months ago by Calvin C. Harrington.

13-Foot Python

● Am enclosing a photo of John Oest and W. T. Ker-



ley, members of the 1875th Engineer Avn. Bn. with the skin of a 13-foot-long snake. A detail from Co. A was cut-

ting poles for tent frames when someone spotted the monster. An intrepid soul grabbed the snake by the tail in a sort of delaying action. The python, in trying to get at his tormentor, encompassed several bushes and trees in his coil so that before any damage could be done he was polished off with brush hooks, axes, etc. As I recall, the length was 13 feet and the greatest girth 13 inches. Oest and Kerley skinned it and stretched the hide on a board as shown. I believe Oest eventually salted it down and sent it home. The picture was taken at Shadazup, Burma, where we were encamped.

J. W. BOWMAN,
Lexington, Ky.

"The Old Sarge"

● Last year we had a get together and about 30 showed up to an Old Fashioned Chinese dinner. Every day some new CBI-er shows up and I try to sell him your wonderful magazine. For a long time I have failed to see anyone from the Polo Grounds who remembers "The Old Sarge." Just to remind any of the old gang, I walked out on the Undertaker last December and am good as new.

ARTHUR K. SERUMGARD,
Helena, Mont.

Do you know a CBI veteran who is not receiving Ex-CBI Roundup? Send us his name and we'll send him a free sample copy.



GALLE FACE HOTEL at Colombo, Ceylon, used by American troops during World War II. Photo by Calvin C. Harrington.

18th Vet. Evac. Hosp.

● Was with the 18th Vet. Evac. Hospital in the advanced group. Would like to read something about the Vets. They were attached to many different outfits with the mules. Would like to hear from any of the guys I met in India and Burma.

HERMAN A. VESTING,
Tripoli, Iowa

18th Evac. Hospital

● The other day I was in Somerville to see Dr. J. H. Cooley and during the process of a checkup we had quite a conversation about CBI. He was with the 18th Evacuation Hospital in Myitkyina, also with the 20th General Hospital.

BOB MAY,
Neshanic Station, N. J.

What is it?

● While in Khanspur Rest Camp in 1944 I saw what I was told was Mount Godwin Austen, among the world's highest. Later on I was told it was Nanga Parbat. Very recently I was informed it was K2. Could someone put me straight on this?

DALE H. TITTLE,
Needles, Calif.



MEMBERS OF THE St. Louis Basha, CBIYVA, marching in the Armistice Day Parade. Photo by David Hyatt.

490th Member Dies

● The many friends of ex-Cpl. Al Van Hamilton, 490th Bomb Squadron, will be interested to know that he passed away at his home in Cherryvale, Kansas.

DOUG KNOKEY,
Netarts, Ore.

Flying Tigers of '53

● I am a member of the Flying Tigers of '53, an air force reserve outfit stationed at Ellington AFB, Texas, 8706th Pilot Training Wing.

ROBERT J. SCOTT,
Beaumont, Texas

Chaplain O'Gara Award

● Your letter addressed to The Adjutant General in which you inquired about an award made to the late Chaplain Martin J. O'Gara, has been referred to this Headquarters for reply. We have carefully examined the records of this Headquarters, and although Chaplain O'Gara's death in the aircraft accident mentioned in your letter is confirmed, we find no evidence to indicate that he was awarded or ever recommended for an award for acts performed during the plane crash. You will be interested to know that Chaplain O'Gara was awarded the Commendation Ribbon for his outstanding performance of duty during the period of 1 Nov. 1945 to 31 May 1946.

TIMOTHY W. DONOHUE,
Major, USAF,
Chief, Awards Branch,
Washington, D. C.

Medic with OSS

● Enjoy Roundup very much, having spent quite some time in Burma and China with the OSS as a Medic. Had a native hospital in Nazira, Assam, for some time. Does Seagrave's nurses still hold forth in Burma?

JOSEPH J. MARSH,
Troy, Mo.



ST. LOUIS BASHA Queen, Sue Sit, waves from car which was part of the Armistice Day Parade in St. Louis. Flanking Sue are other Chinese beauties. Dave Hyatt in front seat.

Book REVIEWS



OUT OF RED CHINA. By Liu Shaw-tong. Translated from the Chinese by Jack Chia and Henry Walter. Little, Brown and Company, Boston; Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York, 1953. 269 plus xvi pages. \$4.

Out of Red China is the story of a Chinese university student's experiences in the Chinese Red regime and of how he forged official papers and risked death to escape to the free world.

The story begins in Peiping in 1948 when the author was completing his course at Peiping University. In order to get a job, he joined a big manpower pool of the Communists, established to prepare educated people for service to the Red Army and government.

Scenes of the author's experiences are Peiping, Suchow, Chengchow, Lohu, Wuhan, and Canton, among others. His account of his travels and work in the service of the Red politico-military machine mainly gives an idea of what is happening to the educated classes of China. At the same time, bound up in the narrative, is some insight into the lives and reactions of both the masses and the long-time comrades of Chinese communism.

For instance, the Reds are having trouble with both the latter groups. The long-time comrades are being softened and corrupted by big-city life and the privileges of power. At the same time, the Communists are finding that a lot of the people are too poor and miserable to have "reactionary thoughts" and too ignorant to have "revolutionary thoughts."

The last five of the twenty chapters we found the most interesting. Chapter 15 on land reform is the best of the book, chiefly because it points up, from the realm of human experience, the duplicity, contradiction, and utter emptiness of Red promises and propaganda to the people. The story of the Red Army officer and what befel him and his parents is high in emotional content and material for a master dramatist.

Mr. Liu tells how the Red regime extols everything Russian, asserting that all their industrial goods are better than those of the United States. He states, however, that any long-time comrade in his right mind always chose a Parker

"51" pen rather than a Russian fountain pen.

The book is not without humor. Red leaders, wishing to acquaint the army with some conception of the history and development of society, drew on a theory evolved by "decadent capitalistic imperialists," the origin of the species. Political commissars talked their heads off in what proved to be a vain effort to convince soldiers they descended from monkeys.

"Rough and tumble as they were," says the author, "they still were outraged at the thought that their ancestors, whom they had respected for so long, were monkeys."

This book, closer to human experience than reading the newspapers and listening to the mouthings of world leaders, is more successful, therefore, in making one realize that Communism is a terrible machine which proposes to destroy everything that has personality and individuality in society.

Communism tries to make its terror palatable with propaganda, but, as Mr. Liu shows, their pretty words are false, their euphemisms are stripped stark naked by the facts of life, and their theories end in the mind of man as a pipe dream because practice of them is a nightmare.

Mr. Liu's experiences confirm that the Chinese Communists, as well as other leaders of international Communism, are like all zealots down the road of human history — they will never objectively recognize facts. To them, truth lies in the subjective dicta of the master and the leader.

But man, whether he be Chinese or American, is a rational creature. Therein lies trouble for the Communists. *Out of Red China* and Mr. Liu Shaw-tong is a good example of it.

THE SANDS OF KARAKORUM. By James Ramsey Ullman. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1953. 254 pages. \$3.50.

This novel by the author of *The White Tower* opens in Shanghai in 1950, when there were still Americans around. John and Eleanor Bickel, American missionaries, vanish into the interior of Red China.

Frank Knight, friend of the Bickels, a newspaper correspondent, trails them northwest through Ningsia Province, then north into Mongolia.

Don't confuse Karakorum in this story with the Karakorum Range in Northern Pakistan. Karakorum is the ancient capital of Genghis Khan, the site of which is in the black desert sands of Mongolia.

Those who know Mr. Ullman know of his power with the pen. This story has

movement, suspense, mystery, mood, emotion, and imagination. Particularly does it have imagination. Within the framework of action, between the lines of a brisk narration runs the thread of imaginative fancy. In the mind, the story projects itself beyond its ending.

Knight finds in China bitter poverty, overpowering stench, and a long, never-ending highway of disease, hunger, ignorance, and misery. As someone has said, "The Chinese have had 5,000 years in which to louse things up, and they haven't wasted a minute of it."

HOME TO INDIA. By Santha Rama Rau. Harper and Brothers, New York, 1944. 236 pages. \$2.50.

Santha Rama Rau is the niece of Sir Benegal Rau, Indian representative to the United Nations, the only one we know of who kept his title when the British quit India.

Home to India, first published in 1944, contains the thoughts and experiences of this daughter of a Brahmin family when she returned home after an absence of 10 years.

This book is interesting because it honestly reveals how India looked to an educated young girl who had lived abroad from the time she was six until she was sixteen. Think how America might have looked to you had you lived in India during those formative years.

Of course, Miss Rau has trouble in adjusting herself to the conventions of India, even in her home. Here was a rare opportunity for a book — a western outlook and a wonderful access into Indian family life.

Miss Rau, delightfully called Miss Sabib by servants and others throughout the book, tells the story of her experiences with charm, wit, and seriousness.

THE PACIFIC: MATTERHORN TO NAGASAKI. Edited by Wesley F. Craven and James L. Cate. Illustrated. University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1953. 877 plus xxxvii pages. \$8.50.

If you liked condensations from this book, "The CBI Air Service Command" and "Delay in Burma, Disaster in China," published in the October, December, and January issues of *Ex-CBI Roundup*, you will enjoy these at full length in the volume itself.

In addition, there is plenty more about the CBI air operation—the XX Bomber Command's activity from Kharagpur and Chengtu, the liberation of Burma, activi-

ties of the 14th Air Force, ATC, the air commando groups, et cetera.

Besides this, the book contains a history of air operations in the return to the Philippines and the strategic bombardment of Jap territory from Pacific bases.

This book, fifth in the seven-volume official Air Force history of the war, is copiously illustrated with photographs, maps, and charts.

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE OF INDIA. By Manorama R. Modak. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1952. 154 pages. \$2.57.

This book was first published in 1945, then was revised in 1952 to include India's bloodless revolution, in which the British finally responded graciously to the oft-repeated suggestion that they quit India.

The Land and the People of India is one of the "Portraits of the Nations" series published by Lippincott. The book is written by an Indian citizen from his point of view. As the story of India's geography, history, and national character, it is interesting because of the brevity and clarity of its writing.

No matter how much you learned about India during your stay, you probably will find something new in these pages. What is more, you will learn about the things that led up to what you saw and experienced. It is an ideal book to give to adults and older boys and girls in your family to acquaint them with the land, people, and culture of the sub-continent.

RED CHINA'S FIGHTING HORDES. By Robert B. Rigg. Illustrated. Military Service Publishing Company, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, 1952. 378 pages plus xiv pages. Price unknown.

Red China's Fighting Hordes is a definitive exposition of the so-called Peoples' Liberation Army by an American Army lieutenant colonel who was shot at by it, marched with it, and was imprisoned by it.

This document is most interesting from the standpoint of the professional soldier. The lay reader, however, will find much to help him comprehend the dynamic appeal of communism to the under-privileged of Asia. Asia's underprivileged, as every old India-wallah, Burma jolly, and old China hand remembers, includes the overwhelming majority of the people.

Description of the Red Army's strengths and weaknesses is realistic. Colonel Rigg deals with weapons, tactics, logistics, organization, training, indoctrination, and character of the soldier and his leader.

History of the

22nd FIELD HOSPITAL

The 22nd Field Hospital was activated at Camp White, Ore., on Aug. 1, 1942. The original cadre under command of 1st Lt. William K. Swann, Jr., and 22 enlisted men originated from Bradley Field, Windsor Locks, Conn. To complete the T/O, officers and enlisted men were sent from all parts of the country. The EM had their basic and technical training principally at Camp Grant, Ill.; Camp Barkley, Tex.; Camp Robinson, Ark., and Fitzsimons General Hospital, Denver, Colo. In January 1943 it became evident that the unit was to be composed partly of American Chinese. Officers of Chinese descent, and American officers who had had considerable experience in China, and large groups of American Chinese enlisted personnel were transferred to the organization. On Nov. 20, 1942, Lt. Col. Willis D. Butler assumed command of the organization, relieving 1st Lt. Swann. Following a short review of basic training, an advanced training program was instituted. This consisted of motor convoys, road marches, defenses against chemical warfare, field sanitation, emergency treatment of the sick and wounded on the field, setting up of hospital tents, advance course in ward nursing, etc. Eighteen American nurses were assigned and were placed on temporary duty at the Station Hospital, Camp White, Ore. They helped considerably in the training of the enlisted personnel in ward nursing and in treatment, by giving lectures and demonstrations 15 hours a week for six weeks. During the period from January to April medical and dental officers were placed on SD at the Station Hospital, X-ray, laboratory, dental, surgical and medical technicians were also given additional training at the station hospital to supplement their own previous technical training.

In April 1943, the unit was alerted for overseas duty. On April 27, 1943, the entire unit boarded a train and traveled across the continent to Camp Kilmer, N.J. On May 10, the unit sailed aboard the New York 504, a large transport of approximately 7,000 officers and men. The 22nd Field hospital was immediately assigned the responsibility of treatment of sick and wounded on board ship. This constituted the handling of all dispensary cases, and treatment of cases in the hospital. Total capacity of hospital was 150 beds. Epidemics of gastro-enteritis, influenza and mumps kept the hospital well filled during the entire 42 days jour-



SPEAKING WITH his interpreter, Mr. Wong, is Colonel Robert H. Johnston, commanding officer of the 22nd Field Hospital. U. S. Army photo, Oct. 1944.

ney to India. Only emergency surgery was performed, consisting of 3 appendectomies, one lumbar sympathectomy, one open reduction of fracture of zygoma and various other minor surgical procedures. There were no fatalities on the journey. Innoculations for typhus fever, yellow fever, cholera, typhoid fever and vaccinations for smallpox were completed. A Dental Clinic was also held for emergency work only.

On June 24, 1943, the unit arrived in Bombay, India. Several of the medical officers were immediately assigned as train surgeons on various troop trains to different parts of India. The main unit traveled across India and arrived in Ledo, Assam, on July 10, 1943. After the initial period of establishing camp, the unit's 18 nurses were placed on DS at the 73rd Evacuation Hospital. Their 25 drivers were sent out on various convoy duties. Six officers were placed on TD with the 20th General and 73rd Evacuation Hospitals. In rotation, 60-70 EM were on duty at the two hospitals, performing ward duty, X-ray, lab, surgical and medical duties. The officers were given an excellent introduction to the various tropical diseases such as malaria, relapsing fever, schistosomiasis, blackwater fever and filariasis. All of the officers attended the almost daily ward rounds at the two hospitals. All of our American-Chinese personnel were assigned to the two hospitals, acting as interpreters in the wards for Chinese patients. They gained considerable experience, improved their Man-

darin and had their first contacts with Chinese patients. Five of the medical officers served as liaison officers in dispensaries for Chinese troops under General Hayden Boatner.

On August 4, 1943, Maj. Robert H. Johnston assumed command of the organization, relieving Lt. Col. Willis D. Butler.

In September, 15 officers and 177 enlisted men were flown into China and were quartered at the Field Artillery Training Center, Kunming. One officer and 40 enlisted men and 18 nurses were left in India on DS. Following the initial period of setting up camp, training was started again. This time training to function as three separate hospital units. All units received training in mule packing inasmuch as there was strong possibility that much movement in the future would be made by mule packs. Fifteen Chinese nurses, recently graduated from Nursing School in Chungking, were assigned to the unit and divided among the three hospitalization units.

In September the 1st Hospitalization Unit, under the command of Capt. Roland A. Slater, was assigned to the treatment and care of Chinese troops attached



OFFICERS AND EM of the 22nd Portable Surgical Hospital get together after the Tengchung battle and await orders to move to another combat area on the Salween front. U. S. Army photo, Nov. 1944.

to the FATC. This meant the running of three dispensaries at widely separated areas, and the management of a hospital for the care of the more seriously ill. The outpatients department averaged 250 patients daily; the hospital averaged 50 patients daily. Considerable tertian and estivo-autumnal malaria, relapsing fever, amoebic and bacillary dysenteries, malnutrition and avitaminosis were encountered. Minor surgical conditions such as furuncles, carbuncles, infected scabetic lesions, foot and leg ulcers, hernias, appendectomies and hemorrhoids were cared for. The 1st Hospitalization Unit

was assigned to the 53rd Army at Mitu, Yunnan.

The 2nd Hospitalization Unit under command of Maj. Gordon L. Helstrom was assigned to the 2nd Army. They arrived at Yunhsien, Yunnan, Dec. 3, 1943,



ARMY NURSE Lt. Phyllis L. Gay (left) changes the dressing of a soldier attached to the Chinese First Army. Vallerie Wagg of the Chicago Tribune interviews her as she works. U. S. Army photo.

and immediately started the establishment of a 100-bed hospital for the 2nd army and other Chinese troops located near Yunhsien. This area was notorious for the high incidence of malignant malaria. Reports indicated that 75 percent of the civilian population were infested.

The 3rd Hospitalization Unit, under the command of Maj. Jacob J. Yee, was assigned to the 20th Group Army Headquarters in Mitu and started functioning in November 18, 1943, as a 100-bed hospital. A consultation dispensary was maintained to handle difficult diagnosis cases from the Chinese Army dispensaries. An average of 10-20 cases were seen daily in this manner. The hospital itself was considered a part of the 80th Rear Echelon Station Hospital of the Chinese Army. All administrative work such as admission of patients, feeding of patients, was handled by Chinese Army personnel. All professional work was performed by American personnel. Thus far, the hospital census averaged 40 per day. The type of cases admitted were the more seriously sick and wounded. All of the milder cases, by agreement with the other hospitals, were not admitted here. The type of cases encountered were principally fevers of undetermined origin, malaria, dysenteries, foot ulcers and various surgical conditions. Many operations were performed inasmuch as the unit had the only completely equipped surgical set-up in the area.

In the middle of December 1943, the personnel of the 3rd Hospitalization Unit was subject to an epidemic of severe chills, fever, headaches and bone aches.

22nd Field Hospital

More than 30 percent of the American personnel were infected. Only one case had a muscular erythema simulating typhus fever. The cases, after negative laboratory studies, were diagnosed as influenza. No new cases had appeared since the initial outbreak. There were no fa-



T/4 HAROLD G. KLEEMKEN, 22nd Field Hospital technician, checks a specimen while an interested Chinese boy watches. U. S. Army photo, Oct. 1944.

talities. A thorough delousing program was carried out among the patients. All American personnel received routine inoculations.

Equipment was based on T/E 8-510. However, when the organization was transferred from India, only certain equipment was prescribed as necessary equipment to be brought along. Consequently, their equipment was curtailed considerably. However, it had not affected the function of the unit to any great extent. Aside from medical supplies, their supplies stemmed entirely from American sources.

Four jeeps and three 1½-ton trucks were the only means of transportation, other than animal pack furnished by the Chinese Army. For our last movement both vehicles and drivers were furnished by the 6th Motor Regiment of the Chinese Army. The responsibility of evacuating patients rested with the Chinese Army. The 22nd's vehicles were being used primarily for communication and supplying of our hospitalization units in the various locations.

One of the main problems confronting the 22nd since the hospitalization units were set up in the field was the question of medical supplies for the treatment of Chinese soldiers. The Chinese government was supposed to supply the medicines to be used, but the actual amount of medical supplies secured from them was very scant. Therefore, the drugs used thus far were almost entirely from American sources. It would seem best that drugs, supplies and medical equipment used by any American units whether for American or Chinese personnel be supplied directly by American medical depots.

In the hospital setup, rules of admission and discharges of patients were arranged by Chinese administrative personnel. On many occasions, the rules worked to the detriment of the patient.

Due to the lack of housing facilities for personnel near the hospital in permanent buildings, most of the personnel were housed in tents surrounding the hospital. While lacking for comforts of permanent buildings, the setup was fairly satisfactory.

The water supply for each hospital unit was a shallow well approximately 15 feet deep. The supply had been adequate for all cooking and drinking purposes. Drinking water was boiled for 15 minutes before use.

For the two hospital units located in the Mitu area, nearby hot springs were used for bathing. For the hospital unit located in Yuhsein, building of a shower room had been started. Other than this, there was no bathing facilities except the nearby river which was too cold for use during the winter months.

The laundering of clothing of the enlisted personnel and officers had been done by the native women of the surrounding area.

Each hospital unit was well supplied with cooking facilities and trained per-



MEN OF Headquarters Unit team in the Field Day held by the 22nd on the 18-month anniversary of the hospital's service overseas.

sonnel. Most of the food was bought in the surrounding markets. Ten days C rations and the B supplementary rations were drawn from the American SOS each month. The Chinese Army units supplied

22nd Field Hospital

the 22nd with a ration of salt and a ration of 24 ounces of rice per person per day which was adequate.

Due to the high water level in the soil in the area, it had not been practical to dig deep pit latrines. Quartermaster boxes were set over half of an oil drum and the waste disposed of daily by the natives of the area. Deodorization was carried out by use of lime when available.

Attempts were always made to insure that the surrounding areas were adequately drained so that no stagnant water remained as breeding places for mosquitos. However, it was almost an endless problem in the area.

The 22nd Field Hospital provided medical support to the Chinese during the Salween Campaign for the inclusive dates of May 12, 1944 to January 28, 1945. The purpose of the campaign was to clear the Japanese from Western Yunnan Province

During the Salween Campaign, the 3rd Hospitalization Unit with Headquarters was set up in the rear, operating as an Evacuation Hospital.

The 22nd Field Hospital was commended for outstanding performance of duty



INSPECTING THE 22nd Field Hospital while on a tour of western front installations at Paoshan, China, is Maj. Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer, commanding general of the China Theater. U. S. Army photo.

in action during the Salween Campaign by Brig. Gen. D. L. Heart, Deputy Chief of Staff, by command of Lt. Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer.

On Sept. 16, 1945, the activities of the 22nd Field Hospital at Chanyi, China, were taken over by the 70th Field Hospital.

On Sept. 20, 1945, movement orders were issued returning the 22nd to the United States. The unit left Chanyi on Sept. 29th by truck convoy, arriving at Luliang the same day to await air lift to Calcutta, India.

The unit departed Luliang by air on Oct. 3rd. Seven C-54 ATC transport planes were used for the movement. The unit was billeted at Camp Kanchrapara, India, awaiting shipment to the United States.

On Nov. 3, 1945, the entire unit boarded the S. S. Marine Robin at Princep Ghat, Calcutta, arriving at Tacoma, Wash., on Nov. 30th.

The colorful career of the 22nd Field Hospital was drawn to a close on Dec. 1, 1946, when the unit was inactivated.

—THE END.

An interesting fact about this history is that it was written by a man whose talents were not in the literary field. The C.O. of the 22nd, a Colonel, wrote the history. It is on file at the War Department's Kansas City Records Center, K.C., Mo.



CHINESE PATIENTS of the 22nd Field Hospital watch American personnel engage in a bamboo race during Field Day. U. S. Army photo.

and open lines of communication between China and India.

The 1st Hospitalization Unit which was organized as a portable surgical hospital provided medical support for the 53rd Chinese Army during the period May 14 to September 14, 1944, while they were engaged in the Battle of Tengchung. This battle was a phase of the Salween Campaign. Medical supplies were very limited during this period. The few supplies received were packed in or air-dropped. Food was very scarce and men existed on rice and small amounts of C Rations for a number of days at a time. Six men of the unit were evacuated by litter because of illness, due mainly to the lack of food.

The 2nd Hospitalization Unit provided medical support for the 2nd Chinese Army during the period June 15 to August 1, 1944, while they were engaged in the Battle of Pingka, also a phase of the Salween Campaign.



Commander's Message

by
Wm. R. Ziegler
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

First, let me say Thanks for all of the letters I've received offering some marvelous suggestions for our Association and offers of help. I've said this before, however, I must say it again, as it appears as though the CBI VA fever is sweeping the country, therefore if I am a little late in answering your letters, ask your pardon, as every letter I receive WILL be answered.

I attended a Pujah put on by the Dallas, Texas Wallahs, and, needless to say, it was put on in true Texas fashion. As the Dallas papers headlined the event "Monsoon Weather greets CBI Vets," all I can say is no truer words were ever spoken, but despite this handicap, well over 100 wallahs and their memsahibs attended. Jim Hyde, who was chairman of the event, and his very sweet wife did a magnificent job. They were ably assisted by Rip Nicholls, Sandy Sandoloski, Paul Burge and Mack McGinley.

Now, let's get on to the Executive Committee Meeting in Chicago. Our meeting lasted six hours and I'll give you a brief resume of the important happenings.

1. The application for charters for two new Bashas at Kalamazoo, Michigan and Dallas, Texas were approved.

2. Steps were taken for this Association to apply for a National Charter. Two lawyers, namely, Lester Dencker, P. O. Box 1848, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and James Slager, 39 LaSalle St., Chicago, our Judge Advocate, together with Bob Bolender of Normal, Illinois, our immediate Past Commander, were appointed on a committee to proceed in this venture.

3. The CBI VA — P. O. Box 1848, Milwaukee will serve as a clearing house for the names of CBI Wallahs. We are listing the names of all Wallahs we receive, so if you want to check on one of your old buddies and we have the name listed, we will be glad to give it to you. You can help our Adjutant, Gene Brauer, in this instance if you will enclose a self addressed envelope or a postal card. Gene is a busy sahib and needs this help.

4. The CBI VA is going to put out its own news-sheet. It is going to be published quarterly. It will deal with Basha news, social affairs that Bashas are going to hold, the date, places and times of meetings of different Bashas, together with the name, address and phone number of the local commanders. This sheet will in no way conflict with "Ex-CBI Roundup," as a matter of fact, Clarence Gordon, Roundup's editor, is one of the advocates for such a publication. Its purpose is to tie the different Bashas more closely together, and encourage visiting between Bashas.

As our Adjutant Brauer is so snowed under with work, Chester Mayer, of 2457 N. 63rd St., Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, our National Chaplain, has agreed to handle this publication, so send any news item to him. "Chet" needs a name for his paper, so the Executive Committee agreed to throw the naming of this paper open to the general membership, and the sahib who submits the name that is selected will receive a five-year membership in CBI VA.

5. A committee composed of Jim Slager, Les Dencker, Chuck Mitchell and Bob Bolender were appointed to have sketches made of an official CBI VA lapel pin and submit these sketches at the next Executive Committee Meeting which will be held in Washington, D. C. during the latter part of March.

6. James (Jim) Wyber, 1621 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C., our National Public Relations Officer, suggested that we adopt an official hat. There were so many opinions on hats that the entire executive committee were asked to bring hats and prices on same to the next executive committee meeting. If any wallah has any ideas along these lines, kindly submit them to me and I will present them for you.

Paul Edwards, our Junior Vice Commander, of Indianapolis, is on the march again. Paul wants 5,000 membership brochures which he will pay for and mail out at his expense. Terrific — Eh Wot! Another Double Salaam.

Sahibs — I opened this message by saying CBI VA is sweeping the country. With the above happenings, how can I say otherwise? However, we still need that one or two names of prospects, don't let these 5,000 name lists embarrass you. We still need State Representatives. PLEASE VOLUNTEER.

"Till next month, forget not "It's Washington in '54, for Fun Galore!"

WM. R. ZIEGLER,
Box 229,
Houma, La.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

To The Editor

Vice President Richard Nixon brought back from his tour of the Far East the following letter which reached us just prior to the deadline for this issue:

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
CHINA

Taipei, Taiwan
November 9, 1953

Mr. Clarence R. Gordon
Fund Custodian
The Chaplain O'Gara Fund
for Underprivileged Children of Asia

Dear Mr. Gordon:

Mrs. Nixon has very kindly handed to me your letter of September 30th and two checks. I note that this gift is made in memory of heroic Chaplain O'Gara by the members of the CBI Theater in World War II.

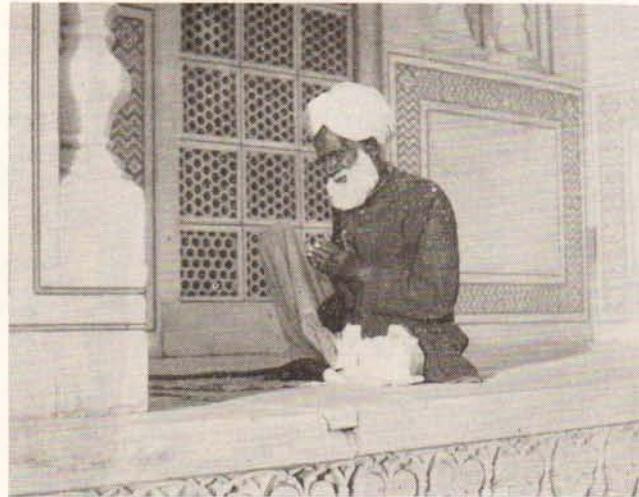
On behalf of the children who will be benefited by your kindness, I wish to express heartfelt thanks not only for the gift itself but for the spirit which prompted your sending it.

During the war, from personal observation, I remember vividly the concern the American boys felt for our war orphans, and the numerous acts of kindness they showed then to the underprivileged children. Now, although you have returned to your homeland, the fact that all of you still remember China's children, and are desirous of helping them in a concrete way, will, I am sure, not only gladden their hearts but is appreciated by all of us in Free China. I hope you will convey this thought to those who have a share in these gifts.

I am enclosing a receipt from the Chinese Women's Anti-Aggression League, an organization which, amongst its activities, includes furthering the welfare of the needy.

With all good wishes to you and the veterans of the CBI Theater,

Yours sincerely,
MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK



AGED MOSLEM prays outside the Taj Mahal. Photo by Albert Wiener.

Poor Man's Bob Hope

● I, too, wonder whatever became of the Poor Man's Bob Hope . . . Marion Moore. He worked in APO 629 during the Xmas rush in 1944. But his best job was escorting that little English gal from "Six GI's and a Girl" show around Chabua. He was an M.C. for a lot of shows that played in that area. I wrote some of his lines but (now it can be told!) in my foot locker was a copy of "Jack Knapp's Stage Humor."

CLYDE H. COWAN,
Seattle, Wash.

Agra Tiger Hunts

● Enjoyed "Sting in the Tail" by M. D. Chaturvedi in the Nov. issue. Perhaps some of your readers remember the tiger and panther hunts and also the duck shoots that were held by the Maharaja of Barhatpur for personnel of the 3rd Air Depot at Agra in 1942, '43, '44. I was on several of the tiger and panther hunts, but, of course, never had the experience that Chaturvedi had, thank heavens!

Capt. GERALDINE SMITH,
Ft. Riley, Kansas

Unsoldierly Conduct

● I got a bang out of the story, "Unsoldierly Conduct at Victor George" (Nov.) but the sequel in the January issue was positively wonderful! Those radio wallahs must have had a bang-up good time at their work, and I can surely understand their playful attitude when the armistice was announced.

HARRY P. KLINE,
San Francisco, Calif.

Enjoys Book Reviews

● I certainly enjoy the new Book Review feature in Roundup. While I seldom have time to read, it's most interesting to read the reviews in the magazine on books we **should** read.

FLOYD R. MAY,
Phoenix, Ariz.



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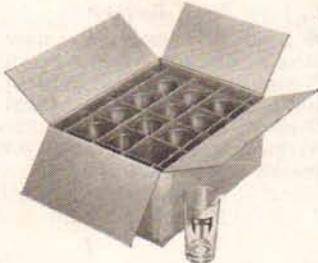
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AS A FEATURE OF YOUR ENTERTAINING EQUIPMENT.

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